



**What was the grindcore scene like when Disrupt started?**

It was awesome. I remember getting the Napalm Death *Scum* LP and the Extreme Noise Terror/Chaos UK split LP back in the mid '80s. Those records blew me away. There were so many cool bands back then. Jay Stiles and I had many pen pals from around the world; we used to trade records and t-shirts with bands from the UK, Japan, Finland, Sweden, USA and Brazil. We loved doing split records.

**Disrupt broke up right after your final tour for *Unrest*. Did the tour have anything to do with the breakup?**

No, it didn't. We had already planned on breaking up after the tour. Some of the guys had lost interest in the band, so Jay and I decided it was time.

**Did Alyssa go on to be in any bands after Disrupt? There's not much information about her anywhere.**

I'm not sure—we never kept in touch with her after she did her vocal parts on *Unrest*. She did three gigs with Disrupt in New York City, Albany and Boston in 1992. She had a raging voice.

**How do you look back on *Unrest* now? Is there anything you'd change about it?**

It's one of my favorite Disrupt recordings. We just wanted to make an album that was as intense and brutal as Discharge's *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing*. I'm happy with the way it came out and that so many people list it as one of the top 10 grindcore albums of all time. It's got a good selection of songs with a killer production.

—ANTHONY BARTKEWICZ

by the studio to drop a hot beat and a verse about urban decay on the three shorter tracks. Without vocals or outside stimuli, "Phases" and "Fireberry" seem like sketches of larger works yet to be created. Still, "Banta" is a fantastic showcase for Mare's fragile, feedback-laden guitar patterns—the teasers Mare has been providing in recent live performances don't do it justice. It's where James Plotkin (who mixed the record) would be going with Phantomsmasher if he devoted as much time to it as his other projects, and one of the best pure drone exercises since the Merzbow/Boris collaboration *Sun Baked Snow Cave*. Some folks will guzzle that Kool-Aid with no hesitation, some would rather leave it to the pants-poopers at Sunn O))) shows—there's a potentially instructive lesson on *Clear Light* for both. —NICK GREEN



**DÉTENTE**

Recognize No Authority  
ROADRUNNER/COGNITIVE  
Actual thrash metal  
from 1986

Given my undisguised fondness for all things red-capped, it must have been with the email equivalent of a chuckle, on both ends, that I was assigned to review this reissue of a lone album by a little-known, but apparently cultishly-appreciated mid '80s thrash metal band, featuring on guitars none other than Ross Robinson. Funnier still then, that there's more of what you'd correctly identify as straight-up, no-bullshit, t\*gasps\*roo thrash metal here than anything a major's put out since metal became the I-is-truer-than-you-is competition it is today.

Sure enough, they all look like girls on the back—Robinson's a spitting image of Mustaine—and singer Dawn Crosby (later in *Fear of God*, then dead of liver failure in 1996) actually is female, thus genetically entitled to raspily scream her lungs out like she has no balls, but plenty of balls, if you know what I mean. Musically, *Recognize No Authority*, all 34 and a half minutes of it, is full-on thrash with lashings of punk sauce, chugging away to the likes of Exodus, Sodom and Kreator, and notable mostly for its consistent, rewardingly adrenalized "they're coming to get us" or "we're going to get them"—it's never really clear, or important—ominous Cold War march into nuclear meltdown, rather than any particular stylistic quirk. In other words, this reissue is one for the kind of people who braved the cold to check out Hiram on their latest comeback tour, as much as for Trivium fans entitled to a taste of the real thing for once. A minor victory for true metal from the man who helped make the Infredible D a household name? What can the world be coming to? —DANIEL LUKES